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THE LAST OF HIS NINE LIVES.

PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AT LAST, the leaders of the Republican party have shown the courage of their convictions. For years they have played with the people; have fought on platforms made up of equivocal generalities; have put forward side-issues for the main issue; have dodged and straddled and twisted and shifted, always talking for the people and acting for themselves. At last they have come frankly forward, avowing the principles by which they are governed and asking the people to support them on their own showing. In past years they have appealed to the public after a different fashion. Ignoring or disguising the important question of the hour, they have said to the voter: "Give us your support—because we saved the Union twenty-five years ago. Believe in us to-day—for you believed in us then. Vote for our candidate—he is the most popular man in the country. Keep us in office, for the country is prosperous and we serve you well. Trust us—if anything is wrong, we will right it. Do not let the Democrats take our place—for they will ruin the country if they get a chance."

Is not this pretty nearly what the Republican party leaders have said to the people once every four years, beginning with the campaign of 1868? Has not the public heard them with respectful attention, and supported them loyally, so long as there was the faintest reason for believing that their appeal was made in good faith? Surely they have no right to complain of lack of popular confidence. For twenty years after the great work of the party was finished, the party was kept in power. New issues arose, new necessities confronted the State. The whole complexion of politics changed. The old order, good and sufficient in its time, became vexatious to a newer generation, inadequate to newer needs. The situation was made clear enough to the managers of the party: they were expected to meet its exigencies, and they professed themselves able to do so. Year after year the people trusted in these professions, and took words for deeds. Four years ago, however, the fair promise was so foully belied by the performance that the people could not accept it. Still swearing that it existed only to serve the people and to act for the best good of the nation, the Republican party put forward a candidate for the presidency whose whole life gave the lie to his professions of honesty and patriotism. All the support of his party could not win him the confidence of the country: he made his promises for himself and for his party; the people disbelieved him, and he was defeated at the polls.

The men who are at the head of the Republican party have had four years in which to think over this rebuke and ponder on its significance. What has been the result of these four years of reflection? Do they come before the people with the old promises and a new and trustworthy man to guarantee their fulfillment? No, far from it. The man they present is chosen—frankly and avowedly—for his inoffensive respectability. And the promises? Well, the old promises are clean forgotten and put aside. No more reform—no more thoughtful and conscientious care for the best interests of the whole nation—no more earnest endeavor to lighten the burdens of the people and bring prosperity to all classes. The inoffensively respectable candidate appears as the exponent of a political doctrine so defiantly base that its enunciation is an insult to every intelligent citizen. Frankly and openly, at last, the party managers tell the people that if they can have their way, the necessities of life shall be taxed, while the luxuries of indulgence go free; that one favored class shall receive tribute from all other classes; that clothes and tools and food

shall pay toll, so that whiskey and tobacco may pay nothing—and that there is no issue of importance save this.

Furthermore, they assure us that their respectable candidate will uphold this monstrous doctrine, and will, if he be elected president, do his best to tax the many for the benefit of the few. We have reason to be grateful that the issue is put thus distinctly and decidedly, and that the courage and strong sense of President Cleveland have served to set his party in direct opposition to this un-American movement. We have not been used, in the past, to look upon the Democratic Party as the aggressive champion of popular rights; but it is an undeniable fact that that party stands to-day solidly behind its leader, arrayed on the right side in the fight for good and wise government. Whatever it may have been in the past, it is now pledged to a noble cause, and the pledge is made for it by a man whom the people have every reason to trust. It takes the field to fight for a good principle that all the people can understand. The character of its leader guarantees its faithfulness to the cause it has espoused. And if the managers of the Republican party think that the innocuous respectability of Messrs. Harrison and Morton can atone for the cynical indifference to the people's welfare and the shameless devotion to the interests of a privileged class which they have made their acknowledged policy—why, they will have more than four years, hereafter, in which to reflect upon their second great mistake.

History is never so happy as when presenting parallels. Although this may seem a labor-saving device of History's or to be owing to a lack of originality on her part, there is no other method of hers which proves so valuably instructive, especially to the unhappy victims of her caprices. A very conspicuous example of this ingenious device has been the Candidate-Killer. He is a gentleman who, with the best intentions to advance the cause of his favorite, by injudicious or ill-timed remarks succeeds in consigning him to dusky oblivion with promptness and despatch. The Rev. Mr. Burchard was the modern prototype of this class, and his imitators are springing up thick and fast. Two of them have already been at their fatal work. The Unrev. Mr. Shepard has performed the last political rites for Mr. Depew, and the Irrev. Mr. Ingersoll has furnished all the requisites for Judge Gresham's presidential funeral, including the corpse. What are the lessons to be drawn? Here are a few of them. The victims have learned that they are dead. The Republican party has learned that it is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of Candidate-Killers and their victims. It is possible that the former have learned discretion. But what lesson shall Messrs. Harrison and Morton find for their edification? This is the lesson the voters will take to the polls with them: to choose for their rulers men whose records speak louder than the chatter of injudicious friends. It is a safe conclusion to draw that the man who is blown down by the breath of praise could never withstand the blast of his enemies.



MR. INGALLS DISCOVERS WHAT "COURTESY" MEANS.

"I have the use of the wires during the convention, by the courtesy of the company."—John F. Ingalls.



A SAFE PLACE.

MRS. LENOX HILL, JR. (*getting ready to leave town*).—Lenox, where shall I hide these silver spoons, in case thieves break in? Do you think between the mattresses would be a good place?

MR. LENOX HILL, JR. (*who knows what he is talking about*).—Nonsense! Put them into one of your dress pockets in the closet, and if a burglar finds that, he deserves the spoons!



BUSINESS RELATIONS—"Uncles."

THE PANAMA CANAL is now open—to criticism.

THEY CALL a certain tree the Margaretnolia, in Boston.

JUST AT PRESENT the supreme bench is the bamboo settee.

SOME PEOPLE think smoked beef comes from Pittsburgh cows.

THE FAVORITE FLOWER of the gossip ought to be adder's tongue.

TIME WORKS wonders, but, as a rule, the dime museum does not.

THE MAN that moves every year ought to make a good chess player.

SPEECH IS SILVERN, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughter is often ironical.

MADAME DISS DEBAR does not find her present quarters as pleasant as Mr. Marsh's dollars.

MANY A POLITICAL boom flies around like the boom of a yacht, and knocks its owner overboard.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES—*The Youths' Companion*—The American Girl.

THE PYRAMIDS must have been on an awful spree ages ago; for, after all these thousands of years, it is plainly to be seen that they're "tapering off" yet.

THERE IS a city in Australia called Geelong. Now, if there was another called Getap, they might go together like Dan and Beersheba, and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

IF IT WERE not for the auburn butter of the mountain resort, you could not swallow the bread that set instead of rising. And if it were not for the bread, you could not swallow the butter.

HOW CAN the English people be expected to know any thing about Home Rule after enduring, for a thousand years, the domination of successive lines of Danish, French, Welsh, Scotch and German sovereigns?

YOU WOULD like to know what is the most lonesome, forlorn thing that ever had being under the light of the stars? It is the poor little solitary mistaken clap of applause that shrinks back into silence and shadow after startling a crowded theatre.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA is attended by thirty physicians and surgeons; but as the surgeons have to take the prescriptions of the physicians, and the physicians have to undergo the operations which the surgeons would inflict on his Majesty, to indicate their exact effect to His Cautious Highness, the learned doctors keep their patient in a state of perfect health.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XVIII.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



CHICAGO DERIVES its name from a celebrated base-ball team, and is charmingly located at the junction of the Chicago River heading south, and the odors from the rendering establishments meandering north.

The town is at present run as a stock company, the principal owners being Mr. Elkins, Mr. Davis, the Street Railways and the Gas Trust, with a few shares scattered among Railroads having "terminal facilities." Its affairs are well managed, as affairs must be in every paying concern. The owners hire

a Common Council, a Board of Aldermen, the saloon keepers, and a number of lawyers. These latter buy the jurors necessary to carry on the business. The Mayor spends his time in making promises and trying to keep out of the mud.

Carter Harrison and the Anarchists went away, but could n't take the town with them.

Citizens have full liberty to live until killed by the cable cars, and may enjoy their property if their gas bills leave them any.

Chicago is known by the conventions it keeps. At school I knew a boy who derived the word from "*Con* and *ventis*, an assembly of wind." He was a wise child, but he did n't know his teacher.

Local papers call the place a "summer resort." It is also a winter resort. Both these seasons resort here in all their glory, and take off their hats and stay.

This place once burned up, and the event made such an impression on the inhabitants that the wicked ones, after departing this life, are wont to say to acquaintances from less favored regions: "This is nothing; you ought to have seen the Chicago fire."

The growth of this Western metropolis has been marvelous. There

are in it to-day 4,719 oldest inhabitants who sold the site of the City Hall for a cow mired on the premises in '51, all of whom have since regretted their bargain. There are in Chicago many real estate agents without visible means of support, aside from their calling. They are, as a rule, truthful. They follow the plan laid down by Ig. Donnelly: "To thine own self be true." Any person dealing with one of them can always have every confidence that the agent will not be swindled.

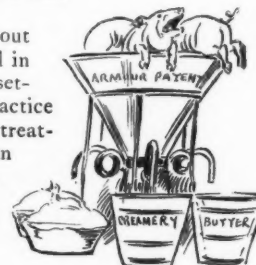
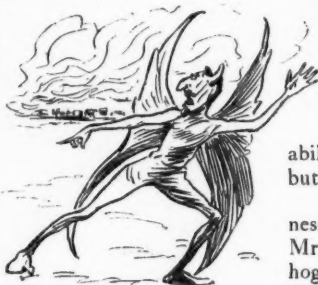
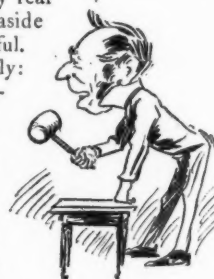
Since the Board of Trade has declared against the Produce Exchange and other bucket-shops, business has been dull, and the members of the first named institution are obliged to enrich themselves by "scalping" one another, and charging the regular commissions.

Last year there were disastrous failures, owing to inability to deliver wheat and aldermen that had been sold short; but Chicago is ready for another whirl.

The packing houses and divorce courts are models of neatness and dispatch. The former dispatch porkers so rapidly that Mr. Armour can in three minutes convert a hog into four parts of creamery butter and six of canned chicken pie.

The weighing machines will now hand out a divorce to any one putting an extra nickel in the slot. Gentlemen are frequently seen setting up divorces with other gentlemen, a practice frowned on by the best families, for this "treating system" drives many weak-minded men to get more divorces than they really want, just because they have n't the moral courage to say "No."

"William Kent."



SCAB TELEGRAPHIC CONSTRUCTION.



STRANGER.—Is yo' hirin' any line-men?
AGENT OF TELEGRAPH CO.—Yes, sir; our men are on strike. Have you had any experience?



STRANGER.—No, sah; but I 'se got a liddle friend heah what's out 'o wuk at present an' I done thought might learn de job easy!

A FIT AND MISFIT.



THE PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.
THE TRAVELER.—Boy, jis hol' my hoss till I go be-
hin' ther fence an' have a fit.



THE FIT.
THE BOY.—W'en dat pusson git er goin', he cain't
never stop dis sider Jord'n, so —

MEMNON.

THE GRAY CURTAINS of morning twilight hung gloomily over the endless dunes of sand. The drab-green leaflets of the mimosa were not rustled by the slightest breeze, and no bird had yet broken into song. Not a sunbeam to lend its golden embroidery to the column of the broken temple; not a ray of silver light to dispel the ashen gloom of the heavens, or break the songless repose of the palm-dotted desert.

The distant river, with its fringe of olives melted into the sky, and its silvery shimmer appeared like the sinuous reflection of a luminous lily-star in a gently-rippled lake. An opalescent mist crept like a ghost above the parched sands, and the peaceful spirit of silence seemed to reign until the morning song of Memnon should break the potent spell.

The eternal Pyramids crouched in the distance in orders gray, and the acacias bent like the Faithful in prayer, as though impressed by the subtle charm of the silence that was lonely and unbroken.

The herons stood in majestic immobility, as though charmed, among the reeds and sedge that surrounded their watery haunts.

Numbers of motionless palms were etched, like sentinels, against the horizon, whose hem was yet unconscious of the first faint kiss of dawn — whose folds and draperies of gray seemed awaiting the golden roses of sunrise to blossom forth and light them into perfect beauty.

In the midst of this apparently eternal hush, this silence that would make such a beautiful back-ground for the harp-string twang of his morning voice, Memnon sat in the unbroken solitude, with no breeze to fan his cheek, looking steadfastly toward the east for the first rosy light to tremble in the wan, white sail of day, and wake the accents of his morning song.

Suddenly, the sombre mantle seemed to fall from the sky, and in the distance behind the Pyramids a dainty, delicate flush of rose appeared, a breeze started across the burning desert, the lips of Memnon parted, and filled the rippled air of midsummer with:

"Is it hot enough for you?"



THE ERROR OF JUDGE-
MENT.

THE BOY (continuing).
—He ain' got no mo' use
for dis yere hoss.

R. K. Munkittrick.

ALTHOUGH IT is not generally known to the world at large, there is an intense and bitter rivalry between Lima and Boston. Each claims to be the bean-head of the universe.

A VOICE FROM THE FREE WEST.

RAILWAY MANAGER.—I have heard, Mr. Durteter, that you intend voting the Democratic ticket this fall?

CLERK.—Yes, sir; I have read with pleasure the emphatic statement of the company's own attorney at Chicago, that he believed in "votes freely cast and fairly counted."

RAILWAY MANAGER.—Then I should like to know, sir, how you can expect to retain your position, if you presume to vote against the grand old party which makes that noble sentiment its battle-cry!

A FISHING PARTY.

MRS. JOHN FLIGHTSLINGER (*who paints china*).—Oh, John, do take this fish off my hook! Is n't it a beauty! But what makes it wriggle so?
JOHN (*a brute*).—It's just possible it is thinking of the decorated platter it'll finally bring up on.



THE MISFIT.

THE TRAVELER (*having recovered his health and the horse by a masterly detour*).—Now, boy, I'll hol' this yere hoss, 'n' you git over ther wall 'n' have a fit.

THE PLEA OF "Portia," which got her lover out of his meat contract with "Shylock," was probably suggested by the shrewdness of Æsop, who, when his master wagered on his ability to drink the sea dry, insisted that his opponent should stop all the rivers and creeks from running into it. Donnelly will, no doubt, find Æsop's private marks on the play.

RAISING THE rent is what upsets the Irish landlord and bothers the tenant.

OUR TARIFF LAWS.



HAVE YOU ever read our tariff laws? If not, and you want the imagination of Sir Walter Scott, the ingenuity of Rider Haggard, and the humor of Mark Twain brought together in one volume, read the little book containing the list of duties upon imports. You must know, beforehand, that this work is the result of the superhuman wisdom of successive legislatures, and is the only thing which has prevented the shutting up of American mills, the closing of American mines; and that without it the American workingman would have to leave shop and factory, and, lying down on the greensward, kick his heels in the daisies for all eternity. If you doubt this, read the *Tribune*.

Under schedule A, comprising chemicals, we find that the native bee is protected from the competition of the foreign pauper bee by a duty of twenty per centum, *ad valorem*, on beeswax. It is to this wise provision that the round, sleek body and long, firm sting of the native bee is due. Under free trade the American bee would soon sink to the degraded condition of the European bee. Mr. Blaine, who has been abroad, will be able to tell you much more about this than I can. But let the free-trader beware, for the native bee will resist to the bitter end of his sting any interference with that system which has secured him such blessed conditions.

One knows not on what principle some of these tariff laws were constructed. Wood bears a heavy duty, but burn it into charcoal and it comes in free. Earth may be sent in at a penalty of one dollar and fifty cents per ton; but let it not be ochre or ochery earths, for then it must bear a duty of one-half of one cent per pound; pour oil on it and grind it fine, and the duty is increased to one cent per pound. Whalebone comes in free, but stick it into a corset and it bears a duty. Fresh fish may be sent in free, and ice may be sent in free, but be careful not to put your fish on ice, for both are then subject to duty as preserved fish. It is gratifying to learn that the protected American workingman can get his "blood, dried," from abroad, free of duty; but "blood, wet," about which we are not definitely informed, is, we suppose, a wholly different matter.

If any one has a bell which he wishes to bring into the United States, he can get it in only by breaking it, since "broken bell metal" pays no duty. If a man has a few pet birds, he can get them in free only by killing and stuffing them. Coal stoves of American vessels are free, but they must n't be unloaded — so perhaps they are not free.

The importation of life-saving apparatus is to be encouraged when



BENEATH HIS NOTICE.

LONG ISLAND FARMER.—Don't you see that sign, and what it says?

PAT CHOGUE.—How can I, when it's out ov me soight?

FARMER.—It says "No Fishing on These Grounds!"

PAT.—Be gobbs, it's roight! Divil a wan have I caught at all!



THERE WAS PLENTY OF TIME.

MRS. VON SCHOTT TOWER (who lives on the top floor of an apartment house where there is no elevator).—Bridget, I heard the downstairs door-bell ring just now. So finish washing the floor, then see that the parlor is well dusted, and put clean aprons on the children. See that their hands and faces are clean, also. Then tidy yourself up and put on your white cap and apron, and be ready to answer the upstairs door-bell when it rings.

undertaken by "societies incorporated or established for the saving of human life." Life-saving efforts on the part of the individual are therefore to be discountenanced. Sea-weed, moss, and vegetables used for bedding are free, but let not the thoughtless wrap these in tick, for they are then subject to duty as mattresses.

The fact is, we are not half protected. There is one provision, which, if availed of, would render ineffectual our whole protective system. If a cargo sinks, and is recovered after remaining under water two years, all the merchandise the vessel contains can enter our ports free of duty and compete with native merchandise. Is there not great danger that the Cobden Club will at no distant day adopt this last desperate device of ruining our native industries?

The law provides that "canes and sticks for walking be charged a duty of thirty-five per centum, *ad valorem*; if unfinished, twenty per centum, *ad valorem*."

You may be glad to know that your little daughter plays with a thirty-five per cent., *ad valorem*, English doll; that billiard balls roll into our native wharf at a tax of fifty per cent.; that if your foreign opponent beats you at chess, you have your revenge in a fifty per cent., *ad valorem*, duty on chess men. Fire crackers go off at one hundred per cent. tax, and gloves go on at about half the expense. Foreign grease spots come high, but not too high for protection; the duty on grease being only ten per cent., *ad valorem*. Many will be sorry to learn that we discourage the peculiarly American industry of draw-poker by a duty of one hundred per cent. on playing-cards.

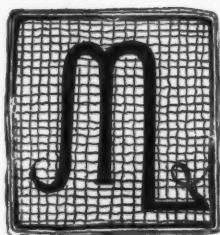
And yet the hope of the free trader must mount when he reflects that "Balm of Gilead" and "Manna" (whether from heaven, or not, is not stated) are free, and that several chemicals with long names, which, for the protection of the American jaw, ought to be entirely prohibited, are admitted free of tax: Myrobalan, Cajeput, Ingrandium Origanum, Alizarine, and several other language-corrupting foreign products.

A necessary provision, though not strictly protective of American industry, is that which places on the free list "wearing apparel in actual use." This wise precaution enables the foreigner to enter our ports and walk to the nearest hotel with his nakedness entirely covered.

J. D. Miller.

NO MATTER HOW much afraid of water
A nervous society belle may be,
If she has a love of a lovely bathing-
Suit, she will venture into the sea.





RS. FLANNERY'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

"FOORST AFF kem Danny Collins. Dan's th' wan thot's always airly, Be th' garraflout a weddin', 'r a christ'nin', 'ra wek.

Thin, top o' him they jagged along th' McNamaramaras, Hersilf, rigged oot thot way, her shtyle wud dhrein a mountain lek;

An' ould concated Teddy; an' th' riffle an' th' bizzam Av his shir-r-rt so char-r-rmed me husban' thot he t'ought it wor a shnake, It wor thot shtuffed oop wid cor-r-rnstarch, so to mek it nice an' curly.

"An' cud yez see th' Cantys! an' th' Killeens, an' Tom Kelly! A-throopin' in th' dure — aha! th' pless wor shtuffin' full; An' so wor Cornail Dacey — him thot's foorst-assishtant ice-man At th' Morgue below — it's Corny, ha! it's him thot has th' pull Wid Brennan, th' Commish'er — God shpare his sowl! — an' Driscoll; Cud yez pit yure eye an' Driscoll phin he's feelin' 'av his wool,' 'T wud be as good as corn'd-bafe is fer fillin' oop th' belly.

"Well, well! Sich times an' larrups as wor in me house together! Oi am layin' bets ain't been here, an' th' rocks, sinch Clinchy died. Th' sivin Mullin brothers? Wor they wid us? Shure they wor thot, An' McAnnis, wid his fiddle, an' th' Brogan twins beside; An' — lishten! Hughey Mahan bro't thot rosy little blossom Av a Katy McAleenan — her thot's banned to be his bride; Troth, wan sight av her a-shmilin' is as good as mountain heather.

"Purty soon oop shtruck th' —"

SIDEWALK INSPECTOR GALLIGAN (*to whom this story is being told*). — Befoor yez go anny moor brith an' it, Mrs. Flannery, will yez tell me th' particuloor occasion fer havin' cillibhrated th' ghrand fallygabbhers wid which yez is afther goin' an' kapin' me aff me bate.

MRS. FLANNERY (*apologetically*). — Saints sev me! but Oi'm th' dom County Connart famale fool! Little Jimmy shwallowed a putaty-shkin, las' Chuesday, an' it's jist thot amount thankful we wor thot it gev him only epigashtrick in phlace av shmall-pox. Hush yure keenin, child!

J. S. G.



A READJUSTMENT.

She blushed, herself, at the time-worn phrase; but she told him she "would be a sister to him."

"All right," he said, moodily, and half to himself: "but 'sister' does n't mean flowers three times a week and losing bets just to pay gloves and things, and a bon-bonnière as big as a house at Easter. Sisters ain't in the appropriation bill this year."

AN ILLOGICAL APPEAL.

"Drinking again, Uncle Wash!" exclaimed the minister, reproachfully: "I thought you gave me your solemn promise, the last time, that this should never occur again."

"W'y, Misteh Cyartah!" cried Uncle Wash, in deep grief and astonishment: "I'se s'prised at you, 'deed I is, sah! Prawmis I give you w'en I was dess p'intedly biled drunk! An' you a ministeh aw de gawspil! W'y, seh, I'd be 'shamed, I would, to stick to all de fool tings I say w'en I'm drunk. W'y, you know w'at a drunken man is, seh — dess sort o' nawn-compass, like, seh. You would n't have a man do like he laid out to do w'en he was full ez a tick, seh? I may be nawfin' but a old fool niggeh, seh; but I done got some self-respeck left, seh."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS HABERDASHERED.

"Well, sir," said the Imported British dealer in "gents' fancy goods," "to my mind, this pattern 'ere, sir, is by far the most swagger; but may be, as you say, sir, the other 'as the most dog to it; and w'en a gent 'as the 'eavy-blooded taste that you 'ave, sir, I don't set myself up as a criterium."



A WISE MEDICINE MAN.

DR. CALOMEL. — I'm afraid our Corn-Juice Nerve Food is about done for. Fifty thousand bottles on hand, and we can't bribe people to take it.

DR. SUGARPILL. — Change the labels on all of 'em to read Brickdust Nerve Tonic, and send a strong card to the press denouncing the Co'n-Juice Nerve Food as a villainous compound of whiskey, opium, arsenic and Rough on Rats. That 'll fetch 'em!

MANY A WOMAN reading the first chapter of a novel jumps at and to the conclusion, to see how it ends.

A MAN RECENTLY undertook to ascertain the age of a shark by examining his teeth. The next morning the papers gave the man's age to the very day.

TIME IS MONEY — the employer's money — with the man working by contract. But it is all day with the man working on time.

THE EASIEST thing to catch with a bended pin is a school-teacher.

WILFRED. — A topaz is a yallery-orangy sort of stone. You can get a fair idea of a topaz by scrutinizing a steamboat cake of soap at the tail end of the season, when it is worn down to the dimensions of a Lima bean.

A CORRESPONDENT WANTS to know how fast the lightning travels. We can give him an approximate idea by saying that PUCK's LIBRARY travels so fast that it gets all over the country, and is yet at home in every house in the land.

READING THE AVERAGE novel of the day is, in the language of the ring, a fight to the finish.

TRUE.

"Oh, come now, Major, admit you are wrong."

"Give in, sah? No, sah! You nevah knew a Kentucky Majah to take watah, sah!"



THE BEST THE GRAND OLD PARTY CAN DO.
CHORUS. — "Rally 'round the Flag, Boys!"





OUR ENGLISH BROTHER.

The gentlemen who greet each other so cordially in the margin are not exchanging congratulations on the glorious heritage left to them jointly by Shakspeare and Milton. That were—chestnuty.

A far nearer and dearer bond unites them. They both follow the fashions set by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

Other ties unite us to our English Brother. Without the scare of "English Free Trade," how would our army of protectionist orators be able to keep body and soul together? If London were not, where could our society people find an accent at once pure and elegant? How could the eaglet in lion's fur better at 'ome, ye know," unless that 'ome, in very truth, existed?

Sad to say, there are some who think our English kinsman only a step-brother. The red flag excites no wrath in the Eagle's breast, but it is well known what effect that color has upon those whose dwelling-place is the green. Well, is it not a law of nature? Who can help it?

THE HONORABLE EPHRAIM MUGGINS

Embarks in the Baking-Powder Business.

I SUPPOSE I made the mistake of my lifetime when I did n't go into the baking-powder business, years ago. I might, could, would, or should have done so if I had been a baker, or the son of a baker, no doubt; but then, I was n't.

However, it is not too late yet to retrieve the unfortunate error, and so I have made all the necessary preparations to go into the business, and to attack and malign all the other baking powders in the market, feeling piously assured that the proper and legitimate way to build myself up is by pulling other people down.

This is business.

And right here I desire to call public attention to the poisonous nature of the ingredients in all other baking powders, which are largely, if not altogether, composed of such objectionable substances as bi-carb. soda, cream tartar, chloride sodium, saleratus, pearlash, etc., etc.; all of which are very exasperating to a properly constructed and well-regulated stomach; and some of the powders contain alum, which, every one who has ever eaten it in large quantities, knows is a dangerous poison. In fact, it is safe to say that no human being who ever ate bread made with any of these reprehensible and insidious baking powders, lived long enough afterward to read through a volume of Walt Whitman's poems, without being thrown into dangerous convulsions. Really, it is not safe to eat any bread that is not made with my baking powder; and, as it is impossible to detect the presence of the dangerous compounds in the bread after it is baked, the only way to avoid the risk of being poisoned, is not to eat any bread at all.

Or, if you must have bread, see to it that it contains my baking powder, with my trade-mark stamped on each teaspoonful; and, in case of doubt, sprinkle a little of the powder on each slice, which will be sure to neutralize everything else that may have been put into the loaf.

In order that a discriminating public may have the utmost confidence in my baking powder, I give herewith the principal ingredients used in its preparation, all of which are conducive to health, wealth, longevity, and the success of the Republic-Democratic ticket.

It contains, among other things, the following well-known healthful components: Cyanide of Potassium, Carbolic Acid, Cobalt, Rough-on-Rats, Sal Soda, Oxalic Acid, Corrosive Sublimate, Haloid Salts, Glauber Salts, etc. The aqueous ingredients of the liquids are evaporated, leaving a pure powder that will infuse more liveliness into bread than a can of dynamite; which, in an emergency, can be used instead of Dalmatian, or other bug powder with unerring effect. My fac-



AN EASY CONUNDRUM.

PARK POLICEMAN (*very sternly*).—Little girl, what have you in your hands?

LITTLE GIRL (*who has been picking, plucking or breaking some twigs, flowers or fruit*).—Guess! (*They are great friends now.*)

tory is not yet in operation, but the public can judge for itself as to the wholesomeness of my powder, after using which I guarantee it will use no other.

The public will carefully note that I use no *alum*.

My purpose in introducing this innocuous powder is a wholly disinterested one. My only objects are: First, to make a few million dollars for the stockholders, — of which I am only one, there being five others who have two shares each, the remaining nine hundred and ninety shares being mine; and, secondly, to furnish a perfectly pure and unadulterated baking powder that absolutely contains neither *ALUM*, salt, soda, tartar emetic, or any other anhydrous poison. This is purely a work of benevolence, and as soon as I have my factory in operation I will send you a sample, which you can try on any dear friends who, you may think, would enjoy themselves better in some other clime.

Too much stress can not be placed on the statement that this baking powder positively and absolutely contains no *ALUM*.

Next to chloride of sodium, it is the rankest poison known to materia medica. Beware of *ALUM*!

If any of the alum baking-powder-makers feel aggrieved, they have their redress. I will be most happy to meet them on the Elysian Fields any rainy day, whenever the dampness will be likely to affect the powder. don't mean the baking powder, but the gunpowder.

I state this clearly, and with the greatest perspicuity, so that there may be no ambiguity. I don't care how dry the baking powder may be; but if I am to act as principal in any duel, the gunpowder must be wet.

I remain,

Yours, leavenously,
Hon. Ephraim Muggins.



A STRIKE IMMINENT.

YALLERBY (*to canal-boat captain*).—I say, Cap'n, I can't stand dis! Yo' s'pose I 'se gwinter pull yo' mule an' yo' boat, too, for six dollars a munf?



COURTSHIP'S CLOTURE.

A MEMBER of the House
was He:
A Lass of Many Charms
was She.

Quoth He: "I move now, we are sole
At once Committee of the Whole

On State of Union. I'm the Chair,
And you may thus the Honor share."

As She demurred at this suggestion,
He slyly moved the Previous Question.

THE AYES HAVE IT.

And said: "We'll put it to the Vote.
Is there Dissent? No Sign I note."

For there'd been Silence for a space,
The while She looked Him in the Face.

He promptly ruled: "Beneath the skies
I now Hear nothing but those EYES.

The Previous Question thus is carried,
And so shall be when we are married!"
Objections useless 't were to state—
His Lips on Hers Cut off Debate.

Austine Snead.

UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

MR. JERUSALEM COHN.—Now shust look at
yourselluf. Dot vas de most sdylish bair of pants
dot efer you went anywhere.

MR. CHATHAM GREENE.—Wall, I dunno. They
seem to me a little small for the style.

MR. JERUSALEM COHN.—Too small, vas it?
Vy, dot cloding fits you peautiful. You don'd
suppose it vas sdylish to put four yards of five-
dollar goots in a dree-tollar bair of pants, vas it?

"YES, SIR, I've walked where
formerly I rode, and I've
saved enough money by the oper-
ation to have my shoes resoled."

A SILENT PARTNER
is all right when
he does n't want to
have the whole say.

IF ALL THINGS are
well that end
well, how about
the hornet?

IT IS A lack of ar-
tistic taste and
feeling that prompts
an old man with red
whiskers to wear a
jet-black wig.

A REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN poet
sung that Chauncey M.
Depew "speaks for fifty mil-
lions." Great Cæsus!—is
that all? Are the Vander-
bilts growing poor?

MRS. BERNARD BEERE, the
eminent actress, is com-
ing to America; but not in a
schooner, as has been alleged.

YES, JOHN; silence is sound
asleep. If you wake it,
it is not silence.

IF A HEN ever went into business she would
probably set up an egg-plant.

IS N'T IT ABOUT TIME for the Police Commis-
sioners to order that buttoned or congress
shoes shall be a part of the regular uniform of
the force? Nine men out of ten arraigned for
being off post, declare that they have only step-
ped into hallways or "private entrances" or sa-
loon doors, to tie their shoe-strings!

THEY SAY figures will not lie, and then con-
tradict themselves by talking about lay
figures.

THE POLICY of Gladstone and Parnell has been
endorsed by both our great political par-
ties. These gentlemen can now enjoy the unique
pleasure, denied to Americans, of standing on
both sides of the fence at once, and making
mouths at Joe Chamberlain.

A WESTERN POET addresses some lines to Oliver
Meredith, in which his cordial sentiments
are marred by the rhyming of "Lyttton" with
"spittoon."

THE AVERAGE servant-girl changes her location
so often that we are not afraid to face a
suffering public with the statement that every
cook is her own tourist.

THE "OPPER BOOK" is covered with glory and
bound to go, because it is ahead going,
the public being gone on it.

"Of late years I have given all the time I could spare
to books on the economy of government. I have studied
John Stuart Mill and the other noted authors on this
subject."—Representative Springer.

It would not do to nominate this man again
for office.

"I do not devote much time to tariff literature."—
Representative Reed.

But this man will run on a protectionist plat-
form as one who knows all about the tariff.



ON FIFTH AVENUE.

MRS. HOULIHAN.—Indade, it's a cure for sore eyes
that ye be, Misthress Grogan. Sure, ye musht have moved
out av town.

MRS. GROGAN.—Not yit; Oi sthll am at home at
the Cottage on the Rocks, in upper Fifth Avenue.

MRS. HOULIHAN.—Sure the Avenue is the only place
phwere dacint people can live now. Oi resoide mesilf
among the Oytalian nobility in the southern extinsion.

Avoid the Accidents of Disease,

Such as Sudden Chills,
Cramp & Colic, by using

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Ginger**
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TO THE
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minimum the chances of incurring 'hangnails' and fissured or
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ure of bathing, and in the application of 'massage' I can promote
cutaneous circulation as efficiently with them as with the bristle
brush or hair glove, without that discomfort to the pa-
tient which the latter so frequently occasion." Very truly yours,
R. W. WALMSLEY, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.

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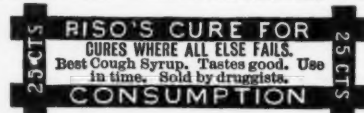
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DON'T BE TOO SURE.

FRESHLEIGH, '91.—Well, Harry, I expect to win quite a pile on our crew at New London this year.

SOFTLY, '91.—Yes, my boy; but don't count your chickens before they're hatched.

FRESHLEIGH.—Why, don't you think we'll win?

SOFTLY.—Yes; but there are some chickens in the shell now that will have to be sat on a good deal before they amount to much.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of the mother.

"White silk, with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves," was the prompt answer.

"I mean what branches," said the startled guest.

"Oh, her—her—why, the usual studies, I suppose," answered the perplexed mother.—*Ex.*

If it takes a Republican convention seven days to nominate a candidate, how many years will it take to elect him?—*Boston Post.*

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

MERE FORCE OF HABIT.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.—I think the voices of American girls very sweet, but they would be still more musical if conversation were carried on in a lower tone.

CHICAGO BELLE.—We make a good deal of noise; but you must remember our favorite amusement is concert-going, and one gets in the habit of loud talking, trying to make one's voice heard above the music, you know.—*Omaha Ex.*

If you want to find out all about the true inwardness of
SAGINAW, Mich.,

See PUCK No. 573 (Feb. 29th).

OIL CITY, Pa.,

See PUCK No. 574 (March 7th).

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,

See PUCK No. 576 (March 21st).

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.,

See PUCK No. 577 (March 28th).

PITTSBURGH, Pa.,

See PUCK No. 578 (April 4th).

TOLEDO, Ohio,

See PUCK No. 579 (April 11th).

PATERSON, N. J.,

See PUCK No. 580 (April 18th).

ROME, New York,

See PUCK No. 581 (April 25th).

DULUTH, Minn.,

See PUCK No. 582 (May 2nd).

SAULT DE STE MARIE, Mich.,

See PUCK No. 583 (May 9th).

LOS ANGELES, Cal.,

See PUCK No. 584 (May 16th).

NEW HAVEN, Conn.,

See PUCK No. 585 (May 23rd).

NEWARK, N. J.,

See PUCK No. 586 (May 30th).

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa.,

See PUCK No. 587 (June 6th).

PORTLAND, Oregon,

See PUCK No. 588 (June 13th).

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,

See PUCK No. 589 (June 20th).

DES MOINES, Iowa,

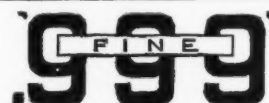
See PUCK No. 590 (June 27th).

CHICAGO, Ill.,

See PUCK No. 591 (July 4th).

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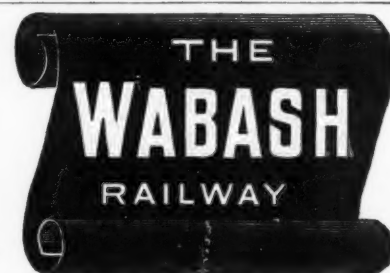
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 you drift on in this way you are
 liable to become insane. Why? ★

★ Because poisoned blood on the
 nerve centers wherein the men-
 tal faculties are located, par-
 alyses them, and the victim becomes
 non-responsible. ★

★ There are thousands of people
 to-day in insane asylums and
 graves, put there by Kidney
 Poisoned Blood. ★

★ Insanity, according to statistics
 is increasing faster than any other
 disease. Is your eye-sight failing?
 Your memory becoming impaired?
 An all-gone feeling on slight exer-
 tion upon you? If so, and **YOU**
 know whether this is so or not, do
 not neglect your case until reason
 totters and you are an imbecile,
 but to-day, while you have
 reason, use your good sense and
 judgment by purchasing **WAR-**
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A FERTILE COUNTRY.

Another season of rain like this in the middle
 of July, and the farmers will have to harvest
 corn with saw-mills.—*Ottawa Local News.*

Now it is announced that the troupe of Rus-
 sian musicians who play twenty-four pianos
 simultaneously is coming to this country next
 season, and we are still without a navy and with-
 out coast defences.—*Boston Post.*

A STICKER.

JACK.—What sort of a paper did you get in
 German this morning?

TOM.—Regular German fly-paper. Got stuck
 on it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The president of a large orphan asylum in
 New York city, in which the children are unusu-
 ally robust, says it is because they have no doting
 mothers to ruin their health. Young women
 with their first chick should cut this out and
 paste it in the dining room.—*Omaha World.*

IDYLS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

"Bridget," said the mistress to the new hired
 girl, "you can go now and put the mackerel in
 soak."

"Sure, ma'am, air ye rejuced to that?" asked
 Bridget sympathetically.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have
 successfully stood the test of over
 thirty years' use by the public; their
 virtues have never been equaled by
 the unscrupulous imitators who have
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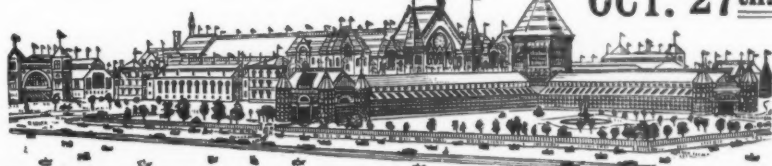
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United States.FRANK JAMES, the ex-bandit, is frequently
mistaken for Senator Ingalls. The sympathy of
the country will be extended to him in this
affliction, which is far beyond what even his
wickedness merits.—*Boston Post*.It seems to us that there ought to be a brand
of cigars called "The First Baby."—Puck. A
strong cigar that will keep a man up nights would
be appropriate.—*N. O. Picayune*.When the pharmacist has a hired man is he a
farm assistant?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

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FACT AND RUMOR.

Alexander, ex, '89, and Knapp, '87, have
been recently married.—*Crimson*. Which was
the bride?—*Harvard Lampoon*.AN OPEN QUESTION—Trying a Saloonist for
not closing Sundays.—*Detroit Free Press*.**COLUMBIA
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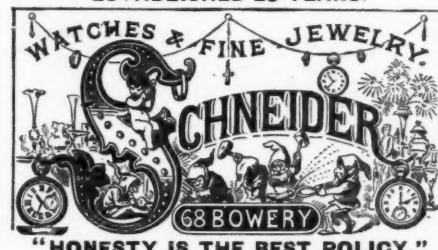
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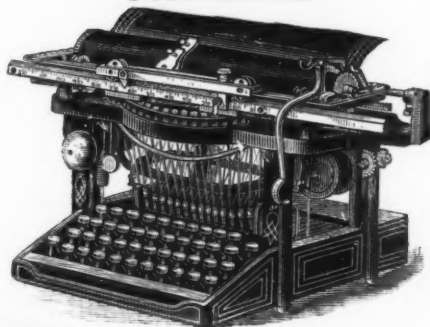
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AMERICAN youth are sadly neglecting the advice not to go near the water when they swim.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Soon we'll have melons for the million, and soon afterward would give a million to be rid of the melon.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

VERY many popular men of the day make much of their reputation by night.—*Chicago Mail.*

THERE is a new paper to be started in Chicago called *The Wife*. It will probably be devoted to women's writes.—*Georgia Cracker.*

THE latest book out is called "A Girl's Room." It may be better than her company, but we don't believe it.—*Georgia Cracker.*

THE Republican party has not given this country a bimetallic currency. The Republican leaders do not give. They take.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

KAISER WILLIAM II. (to the ARMY).—Whenever you see a head hit it.

KAISER WILLIAM II. (to the PEOPLE).—We don't expect to see any heads.—*Omaha World.*

IT MAKES a difference which side you are on. Good Republicans declare that Blaine is the leader of his party, but on the other hand they are sure that Cleveland is the boss of his party.—*Boston Post.*

ALL STUMP SPEAKERS should wear chin beards.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THE New York letter-carriers are going to indulge in a parade on the Fourth of July. One would think they would prefer to sit down and take a rest.—*Syracuse Evening Herald.*

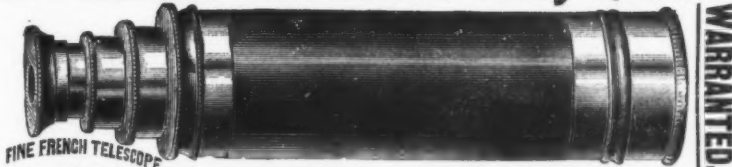
PROTECTION from Blaine seems to be what a few self-respecting patriotic Republicans are striving for.—*Philadelphia Evening Herald.*

THE two great parties have now put on their canvass shoes, and the game will begin in earnest.—*Syracuse Evening Herald.*



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